When Johann's horn echoes

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However, for the purposes to create fictional reality in the context of the story that is set in 1930s, these are not expurgated.

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Chapters & People

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> Namija Bozawa / Ten years old girl

> Bena Bozawa / Namija's mother

> Wamb Bozawa / Namija's grandmother

> Ga Bozawa / Namija's grandfather

> Lily Stringer / Ten years old girl

> Desmond Stringer / Lily's father

> Jenny Stringer / Lily's mother

> Madingo Zawa / Businessman in his fifty's

> Yak Zawa / Ten years old boy

When Johann's horn echoes

Chapter 1: Namija Bozawa

The gramophone in the pallor of Madingo Zawa, the lustrous golden trumpet to speak the sun's words, but Namija didn't think of the ideal human as the gramophone.

However, indeed, when the waxy doughnut was placed on it, it was the voice of Africa whose percussions, all were exquisitely cooked up as the sublime harmony hence she didn't know if it belonged to Africa.

For Namija, Johannesburg was everything, strenuous buildings, vehicles, laughing and skirmish for hustle and bustle merchandises, the coal miners were black as coal with the squeezed banknotes in their knickers, bought little, spent much of their time in front of the ample stalls, Namija liked them as she was proud of her grandmother, Wamb who had passed away not so long before, her words had ever been well-nigh the sun's words as the gramophone.

Bena very often told her how Wamb had been wise and impeccable, yes, she had been, in her remembrance that her swing had been abruptly halted by Wamb, because of the time to braid her hair, saying that the neatly entwined tresses wouldn't be affected nor spread bad spirit, moreover the wild animals would be the precious servants of gods, "See their lives! See their lives!"

Then, Namija would witness the hunting trophies in the portal of the garden shed, the dark eyed skulls that told her nothing, their abysmal sockets were felt as concealing a lot of the world.

Wamb had overcome her sorrow when her husband, Ga had fallen, plunged into a stack of hay, heavier than his weight, motionless...

The cowbells had intoned the dirge for his funeral for his soul to be ushered by the shepherd of the heavens, subsequently Ga would belong to the grime of the earth, the earth would be same for the dead whether other Africa or Johannesburg, while Wamb had begun to communicate with the sky, occasionally drooled her long sticky saliva from the side of her mouth, which had been extensive as her life so far, nobody had interfered her meditation, it had been only Bena who had taught her daughter that Wamb's neck had ever been remarkably strong, neck-strong would be head-strong as the old woman had realized nature hence it had been the time for her rest, solely the elders as Wamb could reach the transcendent virtue.

There it was! The birds came to the yard, as it were, they were always summoned whenever Namija remembered her grandma, but the avians alone, since beasts and cattle merely lived in the photos of her books.

Chapter 11: The Stringers

Despite the elderly foundation of the two -storey house that was just a few blocks away from the Bozawas, when Namija was invited by her new neighbors, the concrete and pigments of paints on the walls which were realistically the mangy wood behind smelled as fresh.

The breadwinner of the Stringers, Desmond was naturally the intimate guy with his inconsistent eyeballs as the orbs were never agree with what he would intend, and his lofty imposing nose-line, he was not annoyed even when he was twitching his nostrils for Namija's persistent quizzing, whereas his daughter, Lily was on his knee, interested in the whimsical circumstances.

'From which Europe?' Namija.

'Germany.'

'Why didn't you say as Germany?'

'Because nowadays, we are given the better deals with the British businessmen as we introduce ourselves as a European.' Desmond.

'You have got suntanned skin, but you are white again in winter, which is true?'

'For our grandparents or either of them was surely white as we are.

Why don't you consider my daughter's name, Lily as a lily, nobody would question her as you have been.' He prattled.

Afterall, Lily preferred to visit Namija's house, no sooner than she entered her room, capered around, skipped, held her hands to try some courtly steps though, neither could do properly, consequently they chuckled at each other, altered their charm to the ornamental congas of animal's skin.

'There are many things in Africa.' Lily tapped the instrument.

'Less things in your home?'

'Not as the old days.'

Namija was aware of her mother's coming with the plenty of sugary assortment as snow-covered alien mountains, the alluring pastries were as if destined to be remained after the girls' leave, yet anyhow it was ensued by Namija's floury fingers and tales about Wamb, since her European pal wanted to learn much and much of it, nothing would amuse her than the African in the past, or say, the bygone people of Johannesburg, in fact Namija would recite many times for her, especially about Wamb's integration with nature's spirit.

'How did she do it? Spirit of nature, it would be God in Europe, right?' By Lily.

'... Silent, my grandma was very quiet with nature at all.'

For her response, unexpectedly, Lily tiptoed to her behind, mischievously entangled herself around her, 'You are a lioness, Namija, I am a lioness, too, and your granny was the greatest of us.' Her thin calico shirt was creased when she spoke, with tiny flower motifs, her hair whiffed as petals, Namija felt it as the gentle breeze in the evening, her white friend put her cheek onto hers, not to separate from her as long as possible until the elongated shadow passed through the garden, albeit it was the accustomed silhouette as a foible of the city as well as a haunted mojo among the associates.

Madingo Zawa whose attache case, tall and black as coal, but he had never ever been with coal, grizzled as a chieftain of the ancients, he seldom had a tie on his

jacket, for example, with Desmond, Bena, he would habitually visit them to empty the bundles in his case, for his clients who would run the pen on his paper that was apparently derived from oversea, West Africa, Europe and so forth, as this dark guy had ever had the dark period, none had acknowledged of his whereabouts as his dark gaze, and the wide oceans might have the abysmal disposition at night, which he had ever sailed across.

'Yak is not with him today.' Uttered Lily when she detected Madingo.

'Yak? You have said Yak, very often, Yak, Yak, Yak, why?'

'Because I don't like him, people tend to nose out whom they will avoid.'

As a matter of fact, Yak as a leech of the dark man who had ever tamed the leech, his warty son over his face and scalp, eyes as a cat in addition to the meaninglessly pouted lips that would be small on his flabby jaws. Whether the boy would be actually clever or not, the worst score of the summer school had been obtained by him.

'Would he be his gain?' Lily mumbled as an adult, implicit in Madingo's customary quip ("The people are different, the things are different in the world, but what is equal among us, every person, every nation? Gain and loss, I will bring your gain, in other word, benefit that all desire for it.")

Namija disapproved her parlance, not favor of her upward survey for nowhere thus her nasty retaliation, intentionally, 'Madingo bought Yak, he is not his real son.'

Bought? Boat, boat, boat... The hushed boat would float over the water in darkness of African jungle, when father and son would be for everlasting journey, sluggish and slow motion of the sail at blind night. It might be that panthers would be hiding themselves with their cubs, therefore, they would never attack the men.

'His most proud gain, it is Yak, no wrong!' Lily persisted, smiled in her playful despair.

'Why? Don't you detest him?'

'No reason for hatred, just I don't like him.'

Chapter III: Madingo Zawa

The man was not with his attache case on the day, it was veritably odd as the two-storey house of the Stringers, which he was to visit.

Trickles of sweat that was cascading from Desmond's temples was soaked up by the towel around his neck, the cramped vestibule with a plethora of items and meagerly piled trunks, was undeniably distinguished from the unoccupied living room.

'It's been like this!' The European muttered as if he was embarrassed.

'When would you depart?'

'By the next month, but I promise my return to this house.'

Abruptly, the impish boy appeared from the tallness of his father, Yak grinned, exposed his jaundiced teeth, and Madingo, 'Our car has been affordable for today, for this lad, if Lily has been bored under the circumstances... It can be their good opportunity to assimilate each other, the different genders. We will drive to the hill, we would like to invite her to our little banquet in my cottage.'

'Grateful, indeed, since a child tend to be entertained by which are in their house, my daughter as well. Lily! Lily!'

Reluctantly, she dragged herself out of her bedroom, winced to find Yak, but soon courteously stared at his paternal authority, determined Desmond's reaction. To tell the truth, even she would aspire for her father to change his mind, not to leave the house, rather to have much gain with this magnate, she almost tenaciously clang to the occasion, said, 'I will go with them, Dad!'

The sun sparkled on their way, the suburban area of the city where the trace of spirit, soil and animals were patchy for the paltry reminiscence nevertheless the tangerine glitter of the early hour would be surely inherited and equivalent to the primordial yore.

Lily might enjoy herself than Namija would anticipate, who wouldn't recognize herself that had already been compromised if the invisible force was manipulating Lily's destiny, her future through the following decades, howbeit, the helmsman for her destiny would actually exist as a man, neither gods nor God against the constant pulses of sun and moon by no one's intent.

Madingo Zawa was not usual on that day, his soul was concealed, would everything of the world reveal him the absolute panacea as his painless, simplest deals with his life hitherto and from then on.

“The Police Constable’s note: Johannesburg in 1938”

The German girl whose name Lily Stringer in her ten years old, her safe return was after eleven at night.

Her father, Desmond Stringer who had reported his daughter’s anomalous delay, immediately restored himself to see the soporific child, who might have been gladdened too much.

Madingo Zawa who was the attendant for the two teenagers was utterly unconcerned, moderately surprised at our presence, decently explained the children’s nap that he hadn’t intervened while Desmong Stringer hesitantly talked to his associate, he had called the police due to his anxiety about the accident on the dingy road.

Consequently, this case was settled in conformable manner prior to midnight, Madingo and Yak Zawa left us by their car.

Chapter IV: The Crimson Ghost

Lily would lead Namija to the living room of the two storey-house, tacitly abandon her alone, and it was the familiar sequel, after a while, the stairs were squeaked on the unsteady heavy steps, Jenny Stringer was invariably attired in her nightgown, Namija autonomously averted her sight from her as she blamed herself to see such a woman in distress, a handsome dame as she would be on the classic portraits of a century ago whereas Jenny might perceive the adolescent delicacy.

'Shiii...!' By putting her finger on her nose, 'Shiii...!' The European dame's obsessive puffing of the air, 'Shiii...!'

She tenderly grasped Namija's hands, for her palms to grasp German candies, German chocolates, even handkerchief and earrings that had ever come with her.

'Shiii...!'

Realistically, it was nobody's concern, whenever Namija obligatorily told Bena about the gifts, 'Wow! It's good!' All the time, all the same.

Might Jenny have already been on the voyage across the extensive sea, she would have been on the immense liner that Namija had ever seen on pictures and books, when the dame was on the vehicle that was helmed by her husband, yet her daughter incessantly observed the passing scenery.

'How long does it take to reach Germany? If I can rest well at night, though I was all right on that way, the waves are ponderous in darkness, having many hands to sway our cradles.'

'No wonder Jenny, you will farewell your doctors today, you are robust.' Desmond.

Hospital by the side of the hill, the whitewashed buildings were extensive, crowded as ever, Lily resolutely went to a kiosk, several snacks had small toys for the children, she curiously hovered her thought how these toys would be, if the children were dead in their wards, she was sad, of course not because she had an insight for the crimson ghost that was gradually encroaching the Stringers' house for the determined fate.

Certainly, the memory of the apparition would be shared among the people of Johannesburg, fearful for the destructive power, but in fact, the people would recall the past, namely this day for the phantom, rather for their ineffable affectionate poignance with their diligent desires for the future.

Memory? It would be as a figment of brains and hearts as Jenny's listless tread on the corridor, missed her slipper for a moment, Desmond reaped it to re-harvest her foot.

It was at sunset when the sway of the orb's fire was visible as the final light, bright as the sand of the dryland, honored the antediluvian foregone to promise a tomorrow over the people's shadows to return to their home, the crimson ghost swallowed the Stringers' abode, who was still on the lethargic path from hospital, Jenny and Lilly, no matter for the intensified glow there, slept on the backseat.

The two -storey house was persevered for short in flame, roared and buzzed until a blast, falling apart to the bosom of the crimson phantom whose eyes were dark as the earliest onlooker, Madingo Zawa without his attache case nor Yak amidst the provoking sirens, piercing clangors, somebodies' shrieks, he turned his back as if he would purely regret Desmond's absence for their ordinary deal.

Needless to say, Namija nicknamed the majestic three-storey house, completely fresh and immaculate, “The Stinger Palace”, princess Lily (for her frilled dress) welcomed her for the first day.

To tell the truth, Madingo hadn’t been with his attache cases that would have encumbered him, if so, to save the wretched family, but only with a piece of paper.

‘Let me have a mortgage, your merciful due to me, it is enough.’ Desmond.

‘I am an easy man for it, nonetheless you are difficult, and someday you do likewise for my strain but yours.’ The dark eyes were pleased to mention.

The Stringers had stayed in the cottage that belonged to the Zawas during the construction, when Namija had witnessed her pal’s happiest and Jenny’s torment as if she had ever lost the whole lot of her mind.

Since the living room was dimmed for the cinema hours (dubbed by Namija, the foreign contraption was gift from Madingo) it was an exciting indulgent moment for the three children as the screen was ensued by the vast savanna with the animals’ lives.

The horde of giraffes were galloping through the field, antlers were grazing themselves under the sun, gleaming as the distant watch of lionesses for their husbands that crooked their vertebrae, thereafter the spasmodic hurtling, pounced onto the innocent critters. They were fallen on the ground, eventually exposed the bloody stomachs, Lily was pulled back as ever, Yak snickered as a strong man, then Namija thought of the beasts that would be shot by the men.

Although it was not the sound from the gramophone, the film was buzzing to continue the wilderness, Johannesburg was in summer, the other hemisphere was in winter, 1941...

(THE END)